Too Big to Hold

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Too Big to Hold

by sourweather

Summary

Adam likes small moments better than big ones. The big moments in life can be so hard to hold.

Notes

idk i had a hard day today and I love Adam Raki so much

Adam might not be very in tune with how other people feel, but he pays close attention to his own emotions. He knows how he feels. He spent time, as a child, just sitting quietly and paying attention to how he felt. It was good for him, his dad said. Meditative. "Being mindful," he called it. It's good to be mindful.

It's the little moments, he's realized over the years, more so than the big ones. The little moments make him the happiest. Too often when big things happen, he's too caught up in the excitement to properly take it in. The day his dad took him to see the Air and Space Museum at the Smithsonian, the day he graduated from college, losing his virginity- they're like blurs to him now. Too much in the moment to be very much at all in hindsight. Like every moment only gets so much space in his heart, and certain moments are simply too big to hold.

On his last day of high school, over a decade ago now, he'd only had one test. A physics final. He finished it well before the allotted time- about forty-five minutes, maybe. He'd been ready to leave for the last time before ten o'clock. He hadn't felt ready to leave high school, though. So he'd left the classroom and wandered through the mostly empty halls. Taken it slow as he cleared out his locker. Stood near the main entrance and paid close attention to his feelings. Mindful. He remembered that day perfectly, like an insect trapped in amber.

Small moments. Ones he can keep in his pockets. That's when he feels the happiest.

Nigel is drumming on the steering wheel. He does that often. Sometimes keeping the beat of whatever song is playing on the radio, other times just hitting it to move his hands. Today it matches the song. Another classic rock song that Nigel loves singing along to, even if his voice isn't very good. He's flat on a lot of notes. Adam still likes to listen to him sing. The song is 'Hold the Line' by Toto, and Nigel is singing, and he's smiling.

The two of them aren't going anywhere important. Nigel ripped his favorite jeans, so they're getting new ones. And maybe a pair of shorts for Adam, because it's hotter this summer than it was last year.

Nigel has the driver's window rolled down. The wind is whistling by, and the radio is turned up louder than usual to compensate but Adam doesn't feel the need to turn it down. He feels good. Happy. Very, very Happy. He takes a moment to be mindful of that feeling.

Nigel took Adam camping once. They'd been dating for a little over a month, Nigel had been planning it for days because Adam had mentioned there was a meteor shower that night. They watched the meteors together and made love in a tent. It was exciting, and a bit overwhelming, and fun. Adam wishes he remembered it better, but he didn't. Another moment that was just too big to hold.

The sun is catching on Nigel's hair, and their hands are joined over the center console, and Nigel's voice is rough and warm, and 'Hold the Line' is an underrated song, and Adam is extraordinarily happy.

"I love you, Nigel."

Nigel nearly swerves. He chokes on his next breath, and the one after that. He turns off the radio. "What...what was that, gorgeous?"

Adam feels a sense of unease overtake him. "I'm sorry— is it too soon to say that? We've been dating for nearly four months, and I just felt-"

"No, that's not- fuck, you took me by surprise that's all."

"It's true, though. You make me very happy, even when we're doing nothing at all. Just because we're together. I'm happy today. Or, I was. Now I'm nervous...should I be nervous?"

Nigel pulls over, parking outside of a gas station. Adam is about to speak again, but the moment the car is in Park, Nigel is unbuckling his seat belt to lean across the car and kiss him. Adam kisses him back, reaching to cup his jaw. When they part, Nigel presses their foreheads together.

"Just- Say it again, beautiful," he whispers. "I wanna get it right when I'm dreaming tonight."

Adam smiles. Nigel is a romantic. Sometimes that can be confusing to Adam, but sometimes he understands exactly what he means.

"I love you, Nigel," he says again, slower this time.

Nigel sighs, kissing him again. "That's it," he says, and Adam's cheeks are starting to feel sore. "I love you too, Adam."

This, he realizes, is not actually a little moment at all. Not anymore. No, this moment is very, very big.

He wants to hold it anyway.

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